Make Offa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouth,
I'le rant as well as thou.
Quee. This is meere madneſſe,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as a female Doe
When that her golden cuplets are diſcloſed
His ſilence will ſit drooping.
Ham. Heare you ſir,
What is the reaſon that you vſe me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himſelfe do what he may
The Cat will mew, a Dog will haue his day *Exit Hamlet,*
King. I pray thee good *Horatio* wait vpon him. *and Horatio.*
Strengthen your patience in our laſt nights ſpeech,
Weele put the matter to the preſent puſh:
Good *Gertrard* ſet ſome watch ouer your ſonne,
This graue ſhall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thereby ſhall we ſee
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ha. So much for this ſir, now ſhal you ſee the other,
You do remember all the circumſtance.
Hor. Remember it my Lord.
Ham. Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me ſleep, me thought I lay
Worſe then the mutines in the bilbo's, raſhly,
And praiſd be raſhnes for it: let vs know,
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerues vs well
When our deep plots do fal, and that ſhould learne vs
There's a diuinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.
Hora. That is moſt certaine.
Ham. Vp from my Cabin,
My ſea-gowne ſcarft about me in the darke
Gropt I to find out them, had my deſire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine owne roome againe making, ſo bold

Mu

12 mew, and dogge 18 quiet thirtie shall
24 hart 25 my thought 26 bilbo,
28 sometime 29 pall I vlt again, making so

2 graund